

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.  
T. R. WALTON, Business Manager.

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### DEMOCRATIC STATE AND COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE, MAJ. A. E. RICHARDS.  
FOR APPELLATE CLERK, CAPT. T. J. HENRY.  
FOR COUNTY JUDGE, E. W. BROWN.  
FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY, D. R. CARPENTER.  
FOR COUNTY CLERK, JOHN BLAIR.  
FOR ASSASSIN, J. B. HICKER.  
FOR JAILER, T. J. NEWLAND.  
FOR CORONER, W. J. DAUGHTERY.  
FOR CONSTABLE (STANDARD PRECINCT), THOMAS HART.

### Where the House-Fly Breeds.

Every housekeeper wonders where and how the increasing swarms of pests multiply so rapidly.

The eggs, mere whitish specks to the unaided eye, are laid in little agglutinated piles in warm manure or in decomposing vegetation, especially that about our stables and barnyards. From 80 to 100 are laid at a time, and probably at three or four different intervals by the same fly, though on this point we have no exact data. Within twenty-four hours in summer, they hatch into footless maggots, which after rioting in filth till their tender skins become ready to burst from repletion, contract to brown, shining objects, rounded at both ends, and technically known as puparia. Within the darkness of this hardened skin profound changes rapidly take place, and the insect passes through the pupa to the perfect state, and finally, in about five days, the anterior end of the puparium is pushed off, and the fly quickly crawls out. At first its parts are pale and soft, and its wings are crumpled and useless, but these soon expand, and suddenly, without practice or teaching, the new fledged fly wings its way to your table to mock your displeasure—to share your repast. The length of time required from hatching to maturity varies with the season and temperature, but will not exceed ten in midsummer, while the life of the perfect fly lasts about three weeks at the same season. As cold weather approaches propagation ceases, and the older flies perish. A few of the more vigorous females, however, retreat to some nook or cranny, where, in a state of torpor, they survive until the ensuing season—links 'twixt summer gone by and to come. The insect may also hibernate in the pupa state in the ground. In rooms kept continuously warm, or in more southern latitudes, the fly remains active all winter, and our palace sleeping cars bring them daily to us from Florida during the coldest months of the year. [Scientific American.]

### Getting Particular.

"Nevada isn't the country it used to be," he remarked, as he slowly cut a slice from his plug of tin tag, and solemnly shook his head.

"What's the trouble?"  
"Folks are getting too particular to do business. Twenty years ago I could sell shares in a railroad to run from Denver to Russia, and never be asked a question, but now they want to know all about even to how many locomotives you have ordered. Why, it's getting so you can't hardly sell mining stock any more."

"Indeed?"  
"Fact, sir; I was three months working of \$800 worth of stock in the Golden Paradise, and my expenses ate up all the profits. Men had the impudence to ask me where I came from, what machinery I had, how many hands I employed, who elected me President; and some went so far as to doubt the certificate of assay that I paid a fellow \$5 to write for me."

"And you left?"  
"Left? Of course I left. Why, in another week some one would have had the brass to ask me in what country my mine was located, and I could never have stood that—never." [Wall Street Daily News.]

### WITHOUT SENSE ENOUGH TO VOTE.

"I ain't got sense enough to vote at a land election," remarked old Sam yesterday. "You see, a nigger want keeps a bacon store at the upper end ob town give fifty cents premium on a silver dollar made last year. I tuk a dollar wif de correct date, an' going to the store handed it to him, and he told him ter give me de premium. He looked at de dollar, handed me fifty cents, an' dropped it in de draw'r. I tuk de fifty cents an' come on up town. I have just discovered dat I ain't got sense enough ter vote. An' de Newwited States can hab my freedom back at any time de secretary of war will notify me ob dat fact." [Little Rock Gazette.]

The North Carolina Methodist who sang so loudly and discordantly in church as to annoy other worshippers, and was indicted as a nuisance, has won his case. The language of the Court is: "The disturbance of a congregation by singing, when the singer does not intend so to disturb it, but is conscientiously taking part in the religious services, may be a subject for the discipline of his church, but is not indictable."

### Old Time Sermons.

According to the testimony of "the oldest inhabitant" the sermons of the old Dutch dominion of New York were fearfully and wonderfully made. "As there was no hour glass in the pulpit," he says, "or warning clock in the bleak, square edifice, the dominion, merely for form's sake, consulted his ponderous gold 'bull's-eye,' and placed it out of arm's reach before beginning his discourse, but was only restrained in his zealous labor of love by utter physical exhaustion. Men were strong then, ministers' sermons were long, loud, ponderous, heavy, and singular—they clinched each telling point with a heavy right hand blow on the sacred volume before them, as if resolved to fix it there for all coming generations. After the pewter plate had gone round for pennies, another eight-stanza hymn, closing with the doxology, was shouted, when followed the benediction, which to-day would be considered a prayer of reasonable duration, but was also a blessing to youngsters; for during its delivery they were permitted to stand. On the walk home grandmother said the sermon was full of refreshing consolations; father spoke of its vital power; mother thought the Doctor had never been happier, while the children were delighted when the massive Bible was shut with a slam, denoting a speedy termination of the sermon. The prominent points of the morning lesson were again set before them in the lengthened grace, ere they were permitted to eat the cold apple pie, merely as a sustainer of nature, that they might be fortified in the inner man to endure the afternoon and evening services, which were nearly equal in extent and power to the grand trial of the morning." [Detroit Free Press.]

### Information Wanted.

A stranger who walked with a limp and carried a cane freshly cut from the woods, halted a citizen on the steps of the City Hall, and inquired: "How about the re-union?" "It's all right, I guess."

"I suppose all the big generals have been provided for?"

"Oh, yes."

"And the brigadiers and colonels have been taken care of?"

"Yes."

"And the majors and captains and lieutenants have been assigned places?"

"I presume so."

"And the sergeants and corporals and privates are going to march, receive honors and show off the best they can?"

"That is the program. Have you been left out?"

"Well, I dunno yet, but I shouldn't wonder. Say, have you read pretty close up on the program?"

"I have."

"And has anything been said about the heroes who drove sutlers' wagons through the iron hail of death—any thing about the sutlers who opened the business for the boys when the shrieks of the dying were drowning the roar of battle?"

"I—don't think so. In fact I'm sure of it."

"That's me; and here I go," and the man gave his leg a tremendous slap.

"A re-union which doesn't provide a four wheeled buggy for a sutler who sold peaches for \$3 a can to serve the Union can go to Texas, sir—to Texas and be hanged, sir—he hanged, sir!"

The irrepressible Greenback party has broken out again in Texas, where it seems to have just held a State Convention. The dispatches indicate a regular monkey and parrot time of it, scores of members speaking at once, shaking their fists in each other's faces and indulging in unlimited salubrious syntax. One member is said to have barked like a dog, and others indulged in similar freaks of eccentricity to prove their claims to statesmanship. At the ratification meeting which followed the convention the speakers proceeded to establish their title to the appellation of the boss political cranks of the day by advocating stealing in preference to working for low wages; bloodshed, if necessary, to establish the Greenback doctrine, and the use of every means to capture the negro vote. The convention adjourned subject to the call of the executive committee, and it is needless to say that if the executive committee possesses a level-head it will be allowed to stay adjourned until the crack of doom. [Philadelphia Times.]

The President of the Third National Bank of St. Louis declares that no safeguards can be devised that will prevent a bank cashier or teller from stealing, if he chooses to do it. He is convinced of this by the defalcation of Obey Owen, his own receiving teller, who was a steady thief for ten years, and was only found out when the aggregate of his robberies reached \$150,000. Owen's method was to enter deposits properly in the depositor's book, make out the ticket by which the bank ought to have checked his cash, and then put both ticket and money in his pocket. Thus the only evidence that the money had been paid in was the depositor's book. When the depositor's account began to run low, Owen would correct it by debiting some other one. All this required a great deal of vigilance and skill, for the directors were in the habit of making close and unexpected examinations; and it was one of these that finally caught the teller.

The best remedy for exerting a powerful tonic effect on the muscles governing and controlling the action of the heart, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

### Fortune-Tellers.

The fortune-telling sisterhood contrive to make considerable money in pandering to the credulity of their "clients." The usual charge for a consultation is fifty cents or a dollar; but the price is as elastic as the seer's conscience, and can be stretched indefinitely. The trade of fortune-telling is now monopolized by women. Some years ago there were a few men in the business. They called themselves astrologists, and had an astonishing kind of intimacy with the stars. But the women now have the field to themselves. The impression that all their dupes are of the servant-girl class is a mistake. A great many wealthy ladies patronize them. It is not by any means uncommon to hear a woman of average intelligence and fair education say that she believes in fortune-telling. With a great many women of this sort, the first impulse when any thing goes wrong, is to consult a fortune-teller. The parlor as well as the kitchen contributes to the coffers and card-shuffling swindlers. When the late Philander Doerstricks, P. B., wrote up the fortune-tellers of New York, some five and twenty years ago, the trade was considerably hurt, for some time. But it soon flourished again, and is now great as ever, if not more so. We have a law against it, but the harpies who follow it don't mind that. The law says that those who "pretend to tell fortunes, or where lost and stolen goods can be found" shall be held as disorderly persons. But it is easy enough for them to find bail, take another name, and go on with their nefarious business.

### See to Eggs.

A correspondent of the London Journal of Horticulture says in reference to this question: "Last Winter an old poultry keeper told me he could distinguish the sex in eggs. I laughed at him and was none the less skeptical when he told me the following secret: Eggs with the air bladder on the center of the crown of the egg will produce cockerels; those with the bladder on one side will produce pullets. The old man was so certain of the truth of his dogma, and his poultry yard so far confirmed it, that I determined to make experiments this year. I have done so, carefully registering the egg bladder vertical, or bladder on one side, rejecting every one in which it was not decidedly the one or the other, as in some it is very slightly out of center. The following is the result: Fifty-eight chickens were hatched, three are dead, eleven are yet too young to decide upon their sex; of remaining forty-four, every one has turned out true to the old man's theory. This may be an accidental coincidence, but I shall certainly try the experiment again." [Industrial South.]

### The Regulation of Dreaming.

A French investigator, M. Delaunay, finds from experiments upon himself that the character of his dreaming may be controlled by stimulating various portions of the brain by means of heat. By covering his forehead with a layer of wadding he gets sane, intelligent dreams. He has also experimented on modes of lying, which favor the flow of blood to particular parts, increasing their nutrition and functional activity. He has observed that the dreams he has while lying on his back are sensual, variegated, luxurious. Those experienced while on the right side are mobile, full of exaggeration, absurd, and refer to old matters; but those produced when on the left side are intelligent and reasonable, and relate to recent matters; in these dreams one often speaks.

These observations may be correct so far as Mr. Delaunay is concerned; but most people who venture to lay on their back, especially after eating, are apt to find their dreams anything but luxurious.

### PEARL-FISHING ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

Pearl-fishing on the coast of Lower California is an important industry, no less than one thousand divers being employed in bringing up the costly black pearl, which is found in a great state of perfection in the deep waters of the La Paz. The pearl oysters are found from one to six miles off shore in water from one to twenty-one fathoms deep. Merchants provide hats, diving apparatus, etc., for the prosecution of the business, on condition that they can purchase all the pearls found, at prices to be agreed upon. These boats, which are usually five tons burden, sail up and down the coast from May to November, searching for treasures. The product of a year's work is about \$500,000, estimating the pearls at their first value. [San Francisco Call.]

Rose Coghlan winds up the season at Wallack's with a sensation of jewelry. She wears as an ornament the only lively golden beetle in the country, secured by a golden chain. Between the screams of the ladies, as they see the beetle crawl over her neck, and the frantic attempts of Harry Edwards to stick a pin thro' it and add it to his collection, Miss Coghlan's last hours at Wallack's have not been rosy.—[Spirit of the Times.]

Five adventurous young men have gone from San Francisco on an expedition into the unexplored Eastern part of Alaska. They expect to find mineral wealth, and are prepared to spend five years in the search. They will go up the Yukon River 1,500 miles in a chartered vessel, and then, in a steam launch of their own, try to penetrate 1,200 miles further in the mountainous region.

### A Clever Cheat.

Henry Keys, who left the Pioneer Park, Oakland, Cal., recently played a trick by which he realized \$65 for forty gallons of water. Wishing to sell out, he "doctored" a barrel so as to dispose of it as full of pure whisky. He arranged in the barrel a piece of hose two feet long, with one end hermetically sealed. He then filled the hose with a quart of the finest whisky—old, oily and rich. He then fastened the unsealed end to the faucet on the inside, headed up the barrel, and filled it up with water. Ready was he for a purchaser for "forty gallons of rare old whisky," and Max Marcuse proved a willing customer. Marcuse sampled the liquor drawn from the hose, pronounced it good, and bought the barrel for \$65. After drawing a few drinks the supply in the hose gave out, and an examination showed the deception. In the mean time Keys had left the town, and he has not been heard from. Two warrants await him—one for obtaining money under false pretenses, and the other for disposing of fixtures in Pioneer Park which are said to belong to the estate of Michael Reese. Max Marcuse is figuring how much to charge profit and loss in his ledger for the purchase of one barrel, two feet of hose, and quart of whisky, and forty gallons of water.

Hon. Edward C. Marshall, the democratic nominee for Attorney General, made a race for Congress in Kentucky about ten years ago against the eminent Representative, Blackburn. They had over one hundred joint discussions together. It was one of the most exciting races ever made in the blue grass regions of Kentucky. Mr. Marshall has been a noted stump speaker in more than twenty campaigns, and is about to start out in another. His voice will be heard this summer and fall in nearly every county in the State. His wide reputation as an orator did much to secure him the nomination for the Attorney Generalship. [San Francisco Call.]

A Tenant-horse League has been organized in New York. Its object is to "abolish landlords." We don't quite understand its modus operandi, so to speak, but if, when a tenant owes a landlord three or four months' back rent—say \$100—this league can be hired, for five or ten dollars, to abolish the landlord, the organization must fill a long-felt want. It should extend its field of operations, so as to include tailors and shoemakers. There are times when a hold-your-head-high young man would give all the money he could borrow to have a tailor abolished. [Norristown Herald.]

"I believe," says a farmer in the *Farming World*, "in cultivation for corn. I am a Virginian, but was raised in Missouri, and since being grown have resided in Arkansas. I find people generally in cultivating corn do their last ploughing in their corn crops with turning ploughs. This leaves a mound or ridge to the corn, and if consequently dry in the latter part of the summer the ridge dries out and leaves the corn to perish in the dry dirt. My motto is, leave your corn land as level as possible and plough deep. If any ridge at all, leave it in the middle of the rows."

The Colonel, who lives in the South, was finding fault with Bill, one of his hands, for neglect of work, and saying he wouldn't have any more preachers about the place—they had too many protracted meetings to attend. "Bill ain't no preacher," says Sam, "he's only a 'orter." "Well, what's the difference between a preacher and an ex-orter?" "Why, you know, a preacher he takes a text, and den he gets to stick to it; but a 'orter, he kin branch."

One of the hardest woods in existence is that of the desert ironwood tree, which grows in the dry washes along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Its specific gravity is nearly the same as that of lignumvite, and it has a black heart so hard, when well seasoned, that it will turn the edge of an ax, and scarcely be cut by a well-tempered saw. In burning it gives out an intense heat, and charcoal made from it is of unequalled quality.

The largest diamond now to be seen in the world belongs to the Rajah of Borneo, and weighs three hundred and sixty-seven carats. It is shaped like an egg; and is very pure and beautiful. For this three ounces of diamond the owner once refused to take in exchange two large war vessels completely equipped, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money!

The smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disk about the size of a five-cent nickel, which is employed for cutting the slits in gold pens. They are about as thick as ordinary paper, and revolve some 400 times per minute. Their high velocity keeps them rigid, notwithstanding their extreme thinness. [Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Miss Sarah Randolph met a horrible death at Jasper, Ala. She attempted to cross the tumbling rod of a threshing machine, when her dress was caught by the rod, and she was whirled around at the rate of about 100 revolutions a minute, and literally crushed to death.

"My friends," said an officiating clergyman at the marriage of two colored persons near Cincinnati, a few days ago, "my friends, it is a serious thing to get married, especially when both parties are orphans and have got no parties to fall back on as am de present case."

### Shelved—And Why.

I loved her, and she vowed to me, By all of earth she held divine, That as the streamlet seeks the sea, So all her being ran to mine.

And with a most capacious soul— For seven weeks I'd known her well—I swallowed that angelic tale, Within my heart's deep caverned cell.

And time moved on with golden wings And naught appeared to make me fear, And every rain-drop from the clouds Was but an angel's jewelled tear.

I laughed to see the other boys, Go, jilted, loose to roving and swag, While Heaven, nor that other place, My faithful love from me could tear.

And moonbeams waxed, and they waxed, But still my love clung fast to me, And like the subtlest and oak, Our hearts grew truly in unity.

But through the cruel winter air There came a fierce and stunning blast; And like the chilly north wind cold, It tipped at nothing as it passed.

He was not handsome; shades of Job! I never saw an uglier face! He smiled and said my memory's gone, Because he scoffed with more grace.

The earth has found her normal state, And rain and sun and soil is soft, I tread no more ethereal bowers, But calmly lie upon the shelf.

A fond young lover, who grew up in the sentimental shades of the Riverside, knelt at the feet of the girl he loved and begged for a lock of her hair. She shook her practiced head. "Can't do it, Harry," she said. "Hair's hair this season, \$5.75 for a curled bang and a small fortune for a real switch; but never mind," she added, seeing her tender-hearted and sensitive lover weep, "never mind; just wait here a minute and I'll run up and bring you down a spoonful of my Sunday complexion." That comforted him.

SUGAR FROM WATERMELONS.—Mr. W. W. Seay, of Rome, Georgia, has been experimenting in extracting sugar from watermelons. He has ascertained that they contain seven per cent. of saccharine matter, or pure sugar, and that an acre of good land would produce 34,500 pounds of melons, from which 2,415 pounds of sugar could be extracted, worth, at ten cents, \$241.50.

It is the Atlanta Constitution, published in the once dual-encouraging State of Georgia, which says: "The impetuous Carolinians who seek to establish that doubtful article called 'honor' in blood would do their country more service by engaging in the corn field at fifty cents a day. It is time to understand that a bullet hole never makes right wrong nor wrong right."

CURE FOR DANDRUFF.—A preparation of one ounce of sulphur and one part of water, repeatedly agitated during intervals of a few hours, and the head saturated every morning with the clear liquid, will in a few weeks, remove every trace of dandruff from the scalp, and the hair will soon become soft and glossy.

The "Woodpecker" saw, worked at an early period in sawing large logs in California, was a considerable length of a common straight saw, with a hole in the centre, and mounted on a shaft so as to rotate in the same manner as the circular saw. It had only two teeth, one at each end. It required plenty of power.

As an effective remedy for sleep-walking, a correspondent recommends placing a tub of cold water beside the bed so that upon rising the somnambulist will step into it and awaken himself. The writer says that after four experiments of this sort he has never since arisen in his sleep.

Senator Beck says that the republican party, since the war, have spent five billion, eight hundred million dollars. In the nineteen years past, the same party has spent four billion two hundred million more than had been spent in the life time of the republic up to 1860.

Beecher says: Early marriages are the salvation of young men, and if a young woman don't love you enough to go down and live humbly with you and help you to work your way up she doesn't love you—leave the torment to somebody else.

"Ma, are you going out?" "Yes, dear; why do you ask?" "Don't you want to stay and see the fun?" "Why, Willie, what do you mean?" "Why, I heard pa tell Maggie that when you went away they would have a regular picnic."

The total revenue of the New York Post-office for the fiscal year ending June 30, amounted to \$4,200,000.66, being an increase of \$49,614.76 over the revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881.

Guiteau was hung with a paper collar on. Any man who would venture away from home on such a day as Friday, with a paper collar on, ought to be hung. [Bourbon News.]

Governor Crittenden of St. Louis has been blackbarring himself of late by what is called "a too free use of the Executive franchise." [Owenboro Post.]

Political platforms nowadays are constructed similarly to a gallows. The candidates are placed upon it and a number of the planks drawn from beneath their feet.

Blue grass is selling at 50 cents and a premium for choice lots, while 70 cents is offered for August seed. [Winchester Democrat.]

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